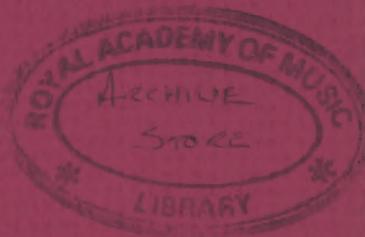


The Royal Academy of Music Magazine

No 206 Autumn 1974



The Royal Academy of Music Magazine

Incorporating the Official Record of the RAM Club and
Students' Union

Editor Robin Golding

No 206 Autumn 1974

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The last issue of the *Magazine* incorporated, for the first time, an independent section contributed by the Students' Union, who had previously felt, not without some justification, that despite their very considerable contribution towards the cost of producing the *Magazine* their views were inadequately voiced in its pages. The new plan of the last issue seems to have met with general approval, although it is not easy to be certain about this since, dear readers, you are quite remarkably reluctant to express either your approval or your disapproval, even when asked for your opinion! On this assumption, the present issue follows the same lines. It has still not been determined whether sufficient funds can be provided by the three parties concerned—the Academy itself, the RAM Club, and the Students' Union—to permit a return to the original pattern of three issues a year, but I hope a decision will be reached in the near future. If this is affirmative, the intention will be to produce an issue towards the end of each term—Spring, Summer and Autumn—beginning in the New Year.

In the meantime, work continues at the Academy in conditions of some discomfort. In the last issue we included a photograph of the Theatre in course of demolition; now the Lecture Hall has gone too, and bulldozers disport themselves where, less than a year ago, the cheerful strains of Offenbach's *La jolie parfumeuse* rang out. Despite the fact that work started on a new main drainage system in the basement a month before the end of the Summer Term, things were far from ready by the beginning of the Autumn term, and at the meeting of new students on Saturday 21 September signs had to be put up directing puzzled newcomers to emergency loos in distant parts of the building. Getting to the Library, too, is a hazardous and lengthy procedure, by way of a series of tortuous temporary passages at the end of which one would not be surprised to find oneself emerging on to a platform in Baker Street station. But progress is slowly but surely being made, and we are told that, by Christmas, new accommodation should actually start to become available for use, instead of the reverse, which has been the pattern hitherto. Well, *il faut souffrir pour être belle!*

Prizegiving

The Prizegiving Ceremony was held this year in the Duke's Hall on Thursday 25th July, with Lord Boyle of Handsworth distributing the prizes, and Mr James Saunders proposing a vote of thanks. Honorary Membership of the RAM was also conferred, personally, on Norma Procter. In a short recital Rosemary Furniss, Levine Andrade, James Walker and John Senter played the first movement of Elgar's string Quartet in E minor, Op 83, and Penelope Price-Jones, accompanied by Philip Martin, sang three songs by Elgar.

Sir Anthony Lewis spoke as follows: 'Lord Boyle, my Lord Mayor, Mr Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen. We welcome you, Lord Boyle, most warmly amongst us on this occasion. Your deep interest in music is well known and your eminent position in the University world provides a much appreciated link with other disciplines of higher education. I well remember our first meeting many years ago. In those far off days a concert was still a non-event as far as the House of Commons was concerned, with some notable exceptions. So when you, as a Cabinet Minister, led off the conversation with a learned query about a Purcell anthem, I was so surprised that I was at a loss for a reply. Things have changed since then and our orchestras will have to keep in good

trim to satisfy the needs of aspiring Prime Ministers. I think it can justly be said that the example of powerfully influential people, like yourself, has done much to create this new climate of opinion. We are grateful to you for the enlightened and informed support you have given our art, and delighted that you have been able to find time to be with us today.

'You find us, Lord Boyle, in the midst of a prolonged overture to the main reconstruction and extension of our buildings. The performance of this overture during the past session has covered the whole dynamic range, from a rumbling and shuddering *pianissimo*, through a distinct and distracting *martellato*, to an unrestrained percussive *tutta forza* defying concentration or competition. Fortunately the periods of climax have been fairly well spaced out and academic life has been able to continue. But you will understand our mild apprehension regarding any new effects that may be in store for us when the contractors' orchestra reaches the development section in September.

'All these interruptions of noise and amenities have placed a heavy burden on our administrative staff, particularly the House Manager, Mr Greasley, and have called for great patience and forbearance on the part of professors and students. I would like to thank all involved in the multifarious activities of the Academy for this steadfastness and application under often trying circumstances.

'These handicaps have not been allowed to curtail our achievements. Internal evidence for this can be seen on today's Prize List; externally we can point to many successes in open competitions, national and international, and particularly to the BBC Piano Competition where five out of the first seven award winners had received their training at the Academy. We do not, however, regard successes in public competitions as the only barometer of progress, as appears to be the belief of some of the media. To be seen in proper perspective taking part in a public competition should be treated as an aspect of training in concert giving, which is naturally one of our main concerns at the Academy.

'Concerts mean repertoire, and the repertoire to choose from is vast. So vast, in fact, as to be bewildering to many students trying to discover which part of it is best suited to their talents. Their chief source of guidance is, of course, the professor in charge of their individual studies, who can put his or her wide knowledge and experience at their service. But we have thought that it would be helpful to make this personal advice more widely available and to extend its scope. Accordingly regular weekly lectures on repertoire are given in most, if not yet all, fields by Academy professors and by distinguished visitors from outside specialising in some particular area. These lectures have been most useful and stimulating and I would like to express my gratitude to those colleagues who have undertaken their organisation.

'We can take some pride in this country at the exceptionally wide repertoire covered in our concert halls and opera houses; it is one of the reasons for our pre-eminence in the musical world. If the scope of this concert repertoire is to be maintained then it must constantly be fostered at the student stage, and it is therefore most encouraging to note the range of music of all periods provided by the weekly programmes at the Academy; it is a tribute to the imaginative and discriminating selection by professors and the versatile presentation by students. This is the way that a young performer's distinctive equipment can be fashioned, enabling him to display his prowess to its best advan-

tage in a musical scene already notable for its diversity of appeal. For an average performance of familiar classics will not suffice these days; the critics and the public look for special insight shown in a carefully chosen area.

'One of my least enviable tasks on these occasions is bidding farewell to colleagues, but I am always buoyed up in doing so by a deep sense of gratitude for their services to the Academy. Perhaps this can help to console one in the case of death—of our dear Pamela Petchey. After a long illness she died last September and there left us then a charming, gentle spirit whose quiet but firm influence had been felt throughout the Academy for many years. But our sadness is tempered by gratitude for her very characteristic contribution to Academy life.

'Losses through retirement will be exceptionally severe this year; we shall be bidding official farewell to no fewer than five professors. First of all our much admired and beloved May Blyth. On our 150th Anniversary we had cause to look back on the Centenary celebrations in 1922 and in those programmes we found May Blyth playing a prominent part; this was the prelude to a brilliant career during which she gave great joy everywhere with the beauty of her singing. Fortunately for the Academy she decided to give the benefit of her skill and experience to the RAM students, who have enjoyed the privilege of her guidance for many years. We thank her most warmly and hope that she will find frequent occasions to be with us in the future.

'The Academy has had great devotion and commitment from Mary Hamlin. She has taken continual interest in a wide range of our affairs and has pursued the progress and well-being of her students with unstinting energy. They will miss her kindly animation and preoccupation with their interests, as indeed shall we all.

'In Roy Henderson we have had the support of an artist and teacher of great renown, equally celebrated in both capacities. To list the operatic and oratorio rôles in which he has given historic interpretations would take too long now, as would to call the roll of those who have been inspired by his teaching. One must content oneself on this occasion with repeating deep admiration at his remarkable combination of talents and expressing warmest gratitude at his placing them so liberally at the service of the Academy.

'I have referred earlier to our success in the BBC Piano Competition. It was fitting, and indeed expected, that one of the prize-winners should have been a pupil of Max Pirani, and an especial pleasure that this should have happened this year, as it were to symbolise the tremendous contribution that he has made to piano teaching at the Academy. The stimulus of his unique personality and the unerring insight of his professional guidance have helped generations of young pianists to achieve distinction. When he leaves us we must promise him not to become too sedate without his lively interventions, and to put stronger bulbs in the corridors to compensate for the loss of illumination from that famous smile. He will know that he has our constant good wishes and we hope he will be a frequent visitor.

'In addition to eminent specialists the Academy has need of those who are distinguished in a number of different fields. Patrick Savill has been a leading figure of this kind in Academy life for many years. He has taught a variety of disciplines and greatly helped the development of the Academy by serving on committees and other bodies concerned with its organisation.

His advice has been much valued, and has been expressed with clarity and conciseness, qualities not always typical, if I may say so with respect, of musicians in general. Patrick Savill has rendered signal service to the Academy, and the Academy responds with most sincere appreciation.

'After so many goodbyes, even if they are personally no more than 'au revoirs', it is pleasant to turn to an official welcome. This goes to Mr David Robinson who has just completed his first session as Academic Tutor to the GRSM Course. It had become increasingly clear of recent years that there was a need for an Academic Officer to take general professional charge of the GRSM Course, to keep the syllabus under continual survey and to watch and aid the overall progress of its students. The results of Mr Robinson's efforts during his first session leave no doubt of the impact he will make on the standards and operation of the course.

'To be welcomed also are a number of new prizes, amongst those to be presented today. These include the first award of the prize founded in memory of Frederic Jackson. A fine sum was subscribed and the first winner is a young musician of real promise. Another first award is of the Paddy Purcell Prize. This is a most useful addition to the limited number of awards for woodwind playing and has gone to two outstanding young performers. The award should prove a worthy memorial to the work of one who was deeply loyal to the Academy. It is a pleasure to note also that the Harold Craxton Prize, first competed for last year, has again drawn a large entry and produced a distinguished result.

'While these prizes are being presented there may well be sounds of constructional activity outside the hall. One hopes that there will be the sounds of bricks being laid rather than dropped, and though I fear this external counterpoint may occasionally be distracting, it is at least evidence of activity. And activity is what we urgently need if the first phase of our Development Plan is to be completed up to schedule. I refer to the 'first phase' because we have had the keen disappointment of seeing the large sum so generously contributed to our Development Fund swiftly dwindling in value owing to the headlong progress of inflation. While keeping the Development Plan intact, we have therefore had to phase it in keeping with our available resources. We have fortunately already been able to achieve much: we have our excellent Ethel Kennedy Jacobs House, which continues to provide admirable accommodation for sixty fortunate students, and we now have an administrative area which by ingenious reconstruction makes full use of the available space, is well lit, welcoming and functional. We have also a much needed new Common Room for students in which the architect has provided armchairs that are so comfortable that I wonder if we shall ever get their occupants out of them. The Common Room also houses the Students' Union Office, and with the two existing Common Rooms and the Canteen, should provide seating accommodation for upwards of two hundred at appropriate times. By the beginning of next session the new boiler room and cloakrooms should be completed and shortly after the reorganised Henry Wood orchestral Library and Band Room. The main first phase, due to be completed in a year and a half, will provide us with the new Theatre and a new Concert and Rehearsal Room to take the place of the Lecture Hall. But this will still leave a substantial amount of the plan unfinished. We are determined to overcome the problems of financing the whole plan, though this will of necessity mean returning to our

existing benefactors and asking them to consider increasing their already generous help or finding new sources of large-scale donations. We shall also continue unabated our efforts to raise funds on a more modest scale, and in this connection I would draw your attention to the Autumn Fair to be held in this Hall on Wednesday, 30 October. It will be opened at 2.30 pm by Mr Richard Baker of the BBC and seems likely to be a bargain hunter's paradise.

'In all our plans for the development of the Academy and the financial arrangements to carry out these plans, we have had the constant support and wise guidance of our Governing Body. The Academy has cause to be most grateful to this group of very eminent and busy persons, whose commitment to the interests of the Academy is deeply impressive and continually evident. No one amongst them has done more for the Academy during the years that he has held the office than the Chairman, Sir Gilmour Jenkins, who sadly is about to retire. As Principal I count myself extremely fortunate to have had the great benefit of his wise counsel and unstinting support. Sir Gilmour's long and highly distinguished career in the Civil Service, coupled with his love for music, have provided the Academy with expert guidance of exceptional breadth and calibre. He has also had the interests of students and staff very much at heart and I can testify how much this concern has rebounded to their practical advantage. It is good news that he will still be involved with Academy affairs in the office of Vice-President, and we hope that he will long be active in that rôle. Please accept, Sir Gilmour, our warmest and most sincere thanks.

'In Sir Edmund Compton the Academy is happy to have a most worthy successor to Sir Gilmour as Chairman. His expert knowledge and wide experience have already been of great service to the Academy and we can have full confidence that he will give us his strongest help in facing the problems of the future. We greet our new Chairman with great pleasure and wish him a long and successful tenure of that office.

'A quiet life is not normally one of the attractions we offer at the Academy, and it seems particularly unlikely that we shall be providing it for the next few years anyhow. But for those who yearn for the tempo indication to be *comodo* rather than *concitato* we can hold out a prospect of a much enlarged and better equipped Academy continuing to hold its place in the forefront of the Conservatoires of the world, a place not just relying on the wealth of its tradition, but looking forward to the challenge of a new age. Physical change can be uncomfortable but it is essential to the continued vitality of an institution; without the determination to improve and develop the spirit withers. I can certainly detect no sign of that at the Academy; instead, in the face of many transitory problems, I discern a mood of justified confidence in the future. These may be difficult times, but we believe that in spite of them, and perhaps because of them, music will continue to flourish.

The Graduation Ceremony, for students who have successfully completed the GRSM Course, was held in the Duke's Hall on Friday 26 July (the day after Prizegiving). The Chairman of the Governing Body, Sir Gilmour Jenkins, took the Chair, members of the Governing Body and the professorial staff, in their various robes, filled the rear of the stage; and the Diplomas were presented by the Principal. The Ceremony was also distinguished by the presence of two eminent musicians—John Cruft and Thomas

Hemsley—upon whom the Hon RAM was conferred. They were presented by Patrick Savill, and Mr Cruft responded. Before the Ceremony music was played by the Albany Wind Quintet (Graham Nash, Christopher Hooker, David Rix, Graham Salvage and Annette Cull) under the direction of John Davies, and during the processions Ian Watson played Purcell's Trumpet Tune in D and the last movement of Vierne's Symphony No 1 on the organ. In a short recital during the Ceremony David Rix, Stephen Spanyol and Christopher Morgan played movements from bassett-horn trios by Anton Stadler arranged by Christopher Morgan, and Judith Jeffrey, accompanied by Simon Rattle, sang three songs from Schumann's *Liederkreis*.

The idea of Dr Crotch was suggested by Debussy's delightful book of musical essays and criticism: Monsieur Croche, Antidilettante. The character of my Dr Crotch is very freely based on Dr William Wallace, one of the most remarkable men I have ever met, and a guide and inspiration to me during my early manhood at the Royal Academy of Music, where he was acting librarian to occupy his agile brain in his old age.*

William Wallace was born at Greenock in 1860 and died in 1940. He graduated in medicine and specialised in ophthalmology, studying in Vienna and Paris. At the age of thirty he dropped medicine for music and joined the staff of the RAM, but returned to medicine during the First World War as senior ophthalmic surgeon to the British Army.

A friend of Liszt, he was the first Englishman to compose a symphonic poem (1892) and his Villon was in the world orchestral repertoire in the early years of this century. His versatility seemed to have no limits. He was an artist and sculptor and exhibited at the Royal Academy. He was an authority on Greek letters and French argot; founder and chairman of the François Villon Society; chairman of the Royal Philharmonic Society; and author of books on Wagner, The Threshold of Music and The Musical Faculty.

He was a chain-smoker to the last. When I went to see him on his death-bed he was paralysed and could barely move, and was utilising an eighteenth-century ivory 'back-scratcher' to draw his packet of cigarettes towards him. His mind was as alert and humorous as ever.

The Return of Dr Crotch

The lofty chamber was slowly darkening to a purple gloom. Reading lamps on the desks began to twinkle like the first stars of a summer night. A rumble of thunder reverberated in the dome, adding its overtones to the grumble of traffic in nearby Oxford Street. The air was thick and heavy, electric with the menace of a gathering storm. I yawned, and blinked drowsily at the huddled forms crouching at the tables absorbed in their tasks, musty scarecrows adding their quota to the already distended maw of the British Museum Library. Was it my fevered fancy, or could I vaguely distinguish the lineaments of old familiar faces?—Karl Marx, a revenant from Highgate cemetery, dedicating a slice of eternity to a revision of *Das Kapital* in the light of Leninist revelation; Max Beerbohm's Enoch Soames on reprieve from his pact with the devil, searching the newspaper files for some brief mention of his works. Would posterity deny him yet again? And there, barely discernible in a room now supernaturally dark, there surely was the lean and lanky form of dear old Dr Crotch.

*Debussy's *Monsieur Croche* was itself based on Paul Valéry's *Monsieur Teste*.

How well I remembered the friend and mentor of my student days, his bird-like head cocked to one side, the stub of a cigarette drooping beneath his nicotine-stained moustache, his shiny suit flecked with tobacco ash and inksots as he pored over his life task, a vast testament to his hero, Richard Wagner; or rather, a characteristic and self-denying de-bunking of his hero based on his own reluctant conviction that not only did Liszt supply Wagner with most of the *leit-motifs* for *The Ring* but composed the score into the bargain.

Of course I was dreaming. Wearied by the long wait for the book I had requested and overcome by the oppressive heat, inevitably I had fallen asleep. The old Doctor, ancient in my academic days, must long since be dead, and Marx and Soames mere phantoms conjured up by an imagination over-stimulated by the threatening storm. I was about to pinch myself in proof when I felt a tap on my shoulder. Peering down at me was the living face of Dr Crotch.

'Good to see you again, young man,' he whispered hoarsely in a voice cracked by chain-smoking, 'The *Dog and Bottle*, Dean Street, any time after six'.

With this cryptic utterance he turned abruptly and slouched away, the tails of his long black cloak flapping round him like the rags of tattered grave-cloths, and disappeared through the swing doors into the premature night.

'The *Dog and Bottle*, Dean Street.' For two long restless days I fought against my curiosity to verify my queer dream. Not by any possibility, not by any freak of nature or super-nature could it be true. My studentship at the Academy had ended in the early 'twenties and at that time Dr Crotch was a venerable seventy. Besides there was neither *Dog* nor *Bottle* in Dean Street as I well remembered from my disreputable documentary days on the fringe of the Soho cinema world. But on the third day I could no longer resist. I took the tube to Tottenham Court Road and made my way to Dean Street and, pretending to myself that this was a futile errand, carefully searched the street. I had abandoned all hope when quite suddenly I saw it, a shrinking huddled little pub lurking at the corner of an alley-way, an anachronism of crooked beams and frosted glass, its one door inscribed 'Saloon Bar' in gold gothic lettering, and a notice pinned on the panel stating firmly: 'No admittance except on business'.

I went inside. All was silent. No living soul within. A well-stocked bar with china tubs gaily painted with the names of long-forgotten drinks, flanked with serried rows of battered pewter tankards. Deathly silence. No saccharine sounds of 'piped' music, no blaring radio—and no clientèle. With one foot in the vanished past, I stood there in a nostalgic dream, trapped in a forgotten pocket of time, lost in a fourth dimension...

'Well, young man, aren't you coming to sit down? I've been waiting for you these past three days. Quite long enough for a man of my years.' The testy voice croaked like a raven from a dark recess in the saloon. There he sat at a small oak table, a tankard at his elbow, a large ash-tray replete with cigarette ends in front of him, and a shining brass spittoon at his feet.

'Help yourself to a drink. It's on the house.'

I poured myself a stiff whisky and faltered unbelievably across the room and sat down. The Doctor had not changed. I was back again, a gangling student, in the old Academy library, and I could think of nothing to say, except one line which echoed maddeningly through my head: 'You are old, Father William'; and as an opening

gambit this was hardly tactful. I grasped at a straw.

'It's very quiet in here,' I ventured.

'And quite right too. You wouldn't find me in one of your modern pubs—all chrome and plastic, and so-called music dribbling from the ceiling. You young fellows—I am sixty-eight—don't know what peace and quiet is. You've never known the real silence of the countryside when the only sounds were the song of the birds and the buzz of the insects in the summer breeze. No wonder you write this disgusting stuff you call music nowadays—"all noise and fury signifying nothing". Shakespeare always had a word for it. Clever chap. My great-great-grandfather shared many a pint with him on Bankside.' He took a contented sip at his own tankard.

'But a modern composer must reflect the times,' I protested.

'Fiddlesticks! The times reflect the genius of the creative artist. We remember the Greeks for Sophocles, Praxiteles and Plato, not for their piddling wars. The Renaissance belongs to Michelangelo and Leonardo; classicism to Rameau, Racine and Mozart; the romantic revolution to Beethoven and not to Napoleon or the French Revolution. The trouble today is that none of your modern composers, authors or artists are big enough men (saving your presence, my dear fellow) to dominate this present age. They swap noise for noise and fight a losing battle, deafened by the din of the jumbo-jet and suffocated by the stink of the motor car. Instead of riding the storm they are dowsed by the downpour. Instead of hunting dragons they chase red herrings. There is dignity in thrusting a lance into a belching monster but little to be said for prodding herring-roses on toast.'

'Noise, noise, noise!—electronic screechings which set your teeth on edge; atonal music which denies the serenity of a concord; and serial music which replaces composition with applied mathematics. The major disaster of the twentieth century was Schönberg—a Richard Strauss *manqué*, who strangled inspiration in the strait-jacket of theory. *Pierrot Lunaire* if you like—there's music in that—but most of the rest is mere moon-madness.'

'The stuff of music is melody. By that I mean vocal melody—tunes and phrases which fall naturally within the normal compass of the normal human voice. You can't change that any more than you can grow six fingers on each hand. An extra finger would have changed the whole history of instrumental music, and a counter-counter-tenor (perish the thought!) would have altered our conception of the voice. Human understanding is limited by human physical attributes. The man in the street can no more sing a bar of Schönberg than see through the back of his head. And what do you remember music by, may I ask?' He looked at me challengingly. 'By tunes, good old-fashioned tunes. Melody makes music live. That is what gives music its significance, whether by Bach, Mozart, Tchaikovsky or Debussy. Tunes are the signposts of significant art. You can't remember a noise; only that it is or was a noise. The mind might retain a vague impression of a noise, but not as a stable hook on which to hang a symphony. No, melody is the life-blood of music!' He quaffed a huge gulp of beer and then banged the tankard down on the table with an impact which rattled the windows of the bar. 'Noise, my foot!'

'But music can't be all tune and nothing else. What about the philosophic content of music? Beethoven for instance?'

'You confuse philosophic content with the bricks and straw necessary for the construction of a sustained musical movement in its passage through time—sequence, imitation, development,

recapitulation, fugatos, inversions and all the rest of the paraphernalia. One thinks of a cathedral as a complete entity, not as a pile of individual stones, of buttresses, columns and arches. You cannot philosophise in music. How for instance could you express in musical sounds: 'I think, therefore I am'?* No. All art is the expression of feelings and emotions—music in terms of sound; painting in terms of colour and line, etc. Each art is self-contained, complete and satisfactory in itself, and none of them is expressible in words. That is why your critic is defeated at the very start, why he gropes to express his feelings about one art in the terms of another, why he talks of colour and line in music and rhythm and harmony in painting. Meaningless—utterly meaningless! Music expresses emotions inexpressible in painting, in poetry or in prose. 'I think therefore I am': put that in your score and smoke it!'

An irritating old man, I thought, but I persisted.

'But surely a composer can express other things besides his emotions in music, he can give an impression—an impression of nature, he can hint at, even if he can't paint a scene. Debussy's *Jardins sous la pluie* and *La Mer* for instance. When I listen to these I can hear the rain pattering in a summer garden, I can smell the salt of the sea...'

'Stuff and nonsense!' I wish the good Doctor would bring his expletives up to date. 'Stuff and nonsense! Why not *Hail on a tin roof* and *From nine to six on Wimbledon Common*? I can think of a thousand titles equally appropriate. A title is a catch-penny device to attract the public, a life-buoy thrown to the non-musical listeners drowning in their ignorance. Debussy knew this perfectly well. My half-brother, Croche, often argued with him about it. 'Nothing really matters except the music itself', Debussy used to say. 'I think up my titles afterwards. That is why I placed them in brackets, not at the beginning but at the end of each of my piano *Préludes*. The public likes to have a picture in mind; it stimulates their torpid imagination. (Think of Mussorgsky's dreary *Pictures from an Exhibition* which *mon ami* Maurice Ravel has dressed up to kill.) Titles keep them quiet. While they listen to my *Jardins* they can wonder how their own roses are faring and remind themselves to water them when they get home after the concert; and as to *La Mer*, it sets them dreaming of that day on the beach at Juan-les-pins. The real audience of real musicians—a mere half-dozen or so—will concentrate on the music itself. And real musicians are all I care about.'

'Yes, said Dr Crotch, 'The essence of music is music. Take no notice of the fancy trimmings. Those are fodder for the blatherings of critics, musicologists, educationalists and the like. But, he added grudgingly, 'I suppose they have to earn a living somehow, even by journalism, poor chaps!' He looked at me challengingly.

I had dabbled in journalism myself, and, knowing that critics were a red rag to the Doctor, I felt it was high time to change the subject. Besides it was getting late.

'What happened, Doctor, to your treatise on *Liszt and the Ring*? Did you ever finish it?'

'Oh, that!' He looked a trifle sheepish, but this may have been a trick of the light—the corner was very dark. 'No, I did not finish it. You see, after ten years of hard work and intensive research, it gradually dawned on me that I was barking up the wrong tree. Far from Liszt writing Wagner's music it was Wagner who ghosted for Liszt.'

*'Cogito, ergo sum.' Descartes: *Discours de la méthode*.

'But, my dear Doctor, Wagner was no pianist. What about the *Transcendental Studies*?'

'Precisely why he called them transcendental', was the Doctor's bland reply.

I could think of no answer to this and rose to take my leave. I hesitated...

'You mentioned once this evening your half-brother, Croche. Not by any chance Debussy's Monsieur Croche?'

'The very same! My brother Charles called himself an Anti-dilettante—whatever that may mean... You look surprised. It's really quite simple. Charles grew impatient with English music-making—most of our British conductors are French, anyway, and when they are not playing French music they throw in a few trifles by the late Viennese school—so he thought he might as well make his home in France where he could hear French music in its native element, and where, he says, audiences do not suffer from the English disease.'

'What is that?'

'Coughing in the *pianissimo* passages. He is happy in France and has become a naturalised Frenchman. And now he takes a more lenient view of British music, in a country where no one in his wildest dreams ever thinks of playing it. Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder. Goodnight, my dear chap; look in again tomorrow. You will always find me here.'

(To be continued)

Obituary

Douglas Cameron
1902-74
Florence Hooton



Photo by Douglas Hawkridge

Douglas Cameron at the wedding of Florence Hooton and David Martin in 1938

Douglas Cameron, one of Britain's greatest teachers, was revered and loved by all. Dougie, as we all called him, had a most distinguished career, as soloist, chamber music player as well as being a renowned cello professor. At a very young age he joined one of England's leading quartets—the Kutcher String Quartet, and at about the same time he became the principal cellist of the orchestra of the Royal Philharmonic Society. He played in the Blech Quartet and finally formed the London String Quartet.

His Dundee accent and his wonderful sense of humour, so full of 'Dougisms', as we called his wise yet always semi-humorous sayings, were just as strong at the end of his life as they were during his studentship at the Academy, where he studied with Herbert Walenn, whom he always spoke of with much reverence. (For many years he was the President of the London Cello School Club, which was founded by Herbert Walenn.)

I remember Dougie telling me that he first fell in love with Lilly Phillips when she was playing the Valentini cello Sonata at an RAM concert, so, as we all know, Doug and Lilly became Mr and Mrs Cameron. Fiona their daughter, an excellent pianist, is now a professor at the Academy.

Dougie was a fine cellist with a very sensitive tone. He gave some memorable performances of the Elgar cello Concerto, sometimes with his friend Sir John Barbirolli conducting. I also used to love listening to him playing the Delius Sonata: he played it with such beautiful and subtle phrasing. I had the privilege of being one of his very first students at the RAM.

His now many famous ex-students are far too numerous for me to mention individually. Many of them have become distinguished soloists and members of our leading chamber-music groups. The cello sections of most of our fine orchestras are led by Dougie's ex-students, too.

I have sometimes been asked to describe the magic of Douglas Cameron's teaching. I think I would say that he was a very kind

and modest man with no gimmicks, no tantrums, just sound commonsense, superb musicianship, and the ability to draw out to a unique degree the special individual qualities of each student. No two students were of the same mould. His wonderful enthusiasm and interest in one's successes were remarkable and inspiring. Only last term he was telling me with real delight of a recording of a Bach suite made by one of his ex-students.

For many years he coached the cellists in the NYO and of course they all adored him. In the 1950s he conducted a ladies' string orchestra, which gave many performances, and he was on the jury of the International Cello Competition in Tel Aviv in 1961.

How delighted we all were when he was awarded the OBE and how very sad that he is not with us to be our new President of the RAM Club. We have lost a great professor, a real character, and a great personal friend.

Douglas Cameron—Dougie to all of us who knew him—started to play the cello when he was fifteen, and when he won the Ada Lewis Scholarship to the RAM two years later, he studied under Herbert Walenn with such success that, on leaving, he was immediately appointed a professor. His orchestral experience was wide: he was Principal of the National Symphony Orchestra, and played for nine seasons at the Proms in the Queen's Hall Orchestra under Sir Henry Wood, in the days when one orchestra played at every single performance for some months. Despite many tempting and lucrative enticements, he resisted the lures of commercial music, and devoted himself increasingly to a career as a soloist, and in chamber music and teaching. As a soloist he played throughout the country in recitals and concertos—luckily for me, for it was after hearing a performance of Brahms's Double Concerto with Frederick Grinke at a Promenade Concert that my former teacher insisted that I should study with Douglas Cameron. During the war Dougie joined the Blech Quartet, and when Harry Blech left to form the London Mozart Players he formed the New London Quartet with Erich Gruenberg and spent many happy years exulting in the repertoire of the string quartet. But great as his performing gifts were, it was as a teacher that Dougie was supreme (in addition to his teaching at the Academy, he was a professor with the National Youth Orchestra from its inception, and it was on the NYO's course at Broadstairs in August that he died). I remember so clearly the lessons that I had with him. Never a martinet, he was able to draw unimagined subtleties and sounds from his pupils, so that one left the lesson a transformed cellist without really realising how that transformation had been achieved. An instinctive musician, he had the gift of assessing one's technical difficulties and translating them into musical terms so that everything was subservient to music. And though he was the gentlest of men, I cannot recall, or even imagine, a pupil who did not practise; he made us all want to please him.

But I, and countless others, will prize him most as a friend. He was unassuming to a degree, but his sense of humour, his wisdom when one had a wordly or a musical problem to discuss, and above all his unwillingness to say a harsh word about anyone, made him universally popular. We shall miss him enormously, but we should not dwell on our loss—instead, we should thank God that he was born to enrich the lives of us all.

(From a tribute broadcast by Derek Simpson immediately after the NYO's BBC Promenade Concert on 23 August.)

Derek Simpson

Lady Marchant 1888-1974

Margaret Hubicki



Those of us who were students at the RAM whilst Lady Marchant was the Principal's wife (that is any time between 1936 and 1949) will always remember her with gratitude for her kind words of encouragement and her general interest in our welfare.

Lady Marchant was born on 8 October 1888 and died 3 June 1974. She was an organ pupil of the late Sir Stanley Marchant for eight years before they were married in 1915, and all that she learned then must have been invaluable to her in a very particular way when, later, her husband became organist of St Paul's Cathedral. In 1934, and again in 1939 whilst Sir Stanley was President of the RAM Club, Lady Marchant took her place as hostess on all social occasions with distinction and grace.

After war broke out in 1939 to all and everything which she undertook when Sir Stanley (then Dr) Marchant became Principal was added the onerous burden of 'Carry on as usual'. When the blitz came in its full fury she had all the horrors of those days to contend with. To say nothing of the sheer fatigue in carrying out various National Service duties as well as all the usual commitments on hand she had the personal anxiety of her son and daughter—Hugh and Margaret—serving in the forces.

Yet the outstanding remembrance I possess of the RAM throughout those agonising years is of a strange serenity which seemed to exist the moment that one entered the building. On reflection it becomes ever clearer that this had much to do with the quiet confidence towards the future which emanated from Sir Stanley and Lady Marchant on whatever occasion one met them. Despite all that was so dismally dark they still made it possible for us to study, work and try to give of our best. And for any who suffered in any grievous way during those war years Lady Marchant's compassion was expressed in a deeply sensitive way.

These are qualities which, on her last visit to the Academy, were still very much hers. From 1949 Lady Marchant lived at Blythburgh, Suffolk, in whose church both Sir Stanley and Hugh have so often played. 'Sing unto God' were the words which used, so fittingly, to stand out from the marble floor as we entered the RAM—words which perfectly expressed for us then, as they do in remembrance, the perspective behind Lady Marchant's approach, and her whole way of life.

Jennifer Vyvyan 1925-74

Peter Pears

I first met Jennie Vyvyan in 1949, when she came to audition for the English Opera Group's production of *The Beggar's Opera*. She was then masquerading as a mezzo (she was cast as Jenny Diver) and was just as gently undogmatic and quizzical about it as she was about so many things. It took a little time for her to settle down—or rather up—into her true voice, which would be called a coloratura soprano, but there was more to it than that suggests. And in 1954, as the Governess in *The Turn of the Screw* which Benjamin Britten wrote for her, she had a wonderful chance to show how far she had developed as an artist and singer in five years. Her performance was an extraordinarily sensitive and subtle one, aware of every phrasing in the music, acutely intelligent to the words and their setting, and answering all the demands Britten made in the lower areas of the voice with courage and success. Basil Coleman worked with her on her performance with great intensity, which always suited her very well, particularly in this part. As Penelope Rich in *Gloriana* she had shown the power of attack which never left her, and in 1958 she displayed her glorious gift for comedy in some performances of Poulenc's *Les*



Photo by Sandra Lousada

Mamelles de Tirésias in John Cranko's production at the Jubilee Hall, Aldeburgh. The true gusto of the great artist was there. Jennie always went the whole hog with her performances. Whatever was demanded of her which she could accept with her critical intelligence, she gave—and did not hold back. So in *Tirésias* she dared all, and what fun it was!

She was not what is usually called beautiful, her features were too strong and marked, but she could *look* beautiful, as she did as the Governess. In any case, what came first for her was truth, truth to the music, truth to the character she was playing, so that if she was required to sing harshly she was not afraid to do so; she was perfectly capable of singing tenderly. Her brilliance was inherent in her voice, the mastery of words came slower to her. Her performance in Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* as Tytania (written for her) when she returned to it after several years absence was as elusive and unearthly as it had been at the first performances in 1960, and the coloratura as fine. Her Handelian rôles remained as sharply drawn and authoritative as ever, and only very occasionally in the last years did her recurring bronchial troubles let her down on the platform.

The truth which was her aim on the stage belonged to her in life. Warm-hearted, generous, finely controlled, she was touchingly modest and at the same time 'a creature of great personal valour'.

Igor Kennaway

In an appreciation of a great artist, it is often that the source of their creativity lies in their personality. This seems especially true of Jennifer Vyvyan. In both the artist and the person there were to be found glowing warmth, dynamic intensity and radiant luminosity. The brilliance in performance of her characterisation lay not only in her dramatic gifts but also in her clear observation and profound understanding of her fellow-beings. Her compassion for those who received the benefits of her sympathy, time, and interest, was generously forthcoming. She never seemed too busy in the pursuit of her 'Art' to forget her 'Humanity', and so the one nurtured the other to the great good fortune of both her public and those who knew her. She communicated an almost electric enthusiasm for the world of music and the exploration of it. Her meticulous professionalism was a tremendous tutor which for me, as a young musician, will remain for ever as the ideal. There was also that marvellous sense of 'fun' which sparked off that wonderfully infectious laugh.

Gifted, kind, and generous of heart, she was a rare artist and a rare person. I had only known her latterly and already for me she had become pure enchantment. The combined loss is immeasurable not only to her family, but also to the world of music.

Opera

Cavalli: *Erismena*; 1, 2, and 3 April 1974

<i>Erimante</i>	David Johnson
<i>Diarte</i>	Marcos Lousada
<i>Erismena</i>	Vaninne Parker
<i>Argippo</i>	Mark Rowlinson
<i>Orimeno</i>	Brian Gordon
<i>Aldimira</i>	Ann James
<i>Flerilda</i>	Carolyn Allen
<i>Idraspe</i>	Judith Jeffrey
<i>Clerio</i>	Nicholas Folwell
<i>Guards</i>	Philip Watkins, Mark Wildman, Constantine Paliatsaros, Christopher Adams, Graham Preston, Lorna Washington, Beryl Korman, Penelope Langrish, Constantine Paliatsaros, John Streets, Steuart Bedford, Patrick Libby, Yolanda Sonnabend, Demetra Maraslis, Brian Harris, Mary Nash, Anna Sweeny, David Roblou, Anthony Peters, Tom Redman, Cynthia Ratcliff, Philip Watkins, Judy Dennison, Frances Tempest, Judy Lloyd-Rogers

<i>Understudies</i>	
<i>Director of Opera</i>	
<i>Conductor</i>	
<i>Producer</i>	
<i>Designers</i>	
<i>Lighting</i>	
<i>Assistant to the Director</i>	
<i>Movement</i>	
<i>Assistant Conductor</i>	
<i>Technical Adviser</i>	
<i>Stage Director</i>	
<i>Stage Management</i>	
<i>Costumes</i>	

Erismena

April 1974

1. *Idraspe and Clerio*
(Judith Jeffrey and Nicholas Folwell)

2. *Aldimira and Flerilda*
(Ann James and Carolyn Allen)

Photos by Johnny Dewe-Matthews





2

Notes about Members and Others

Else Cross recently gave a broadcast recital in Zürich devoted to the music of Leopold Spinner and Malcolm Williamson. She also gave one in Dublin in which she played sonatinas by Reger and Gottfried von Einem, and partnered John Davies in Reger's two sonatas for clarinet and piano.

Richard Stoker's *Words Without Music*, a collection of poems written between 1953 and 1973, has been published by Outposts Publications, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey, price 50p. In his Introduction Richard Townend writes: 'Not many composers have also been poets—the exception that instantly springs to mind to prove the rule is the Elizabethan Thomas Campion—and it is therefore all the more refreshing to welcome this volume from a contemporary composer of distinction who has already shown in his musical settings an abundant feeling for the beauty and rhythm of words—an affinity which is further represented in this collection.'

James Dick, Founder of the James Dick Foundation for the Performing Artist, was the only American juror at the Fifth International Tchaikovsky Piano Competition in Moscow.

Rolf Wilson has been appointed Leader of the BBC Welsh Orchestra.

Alan Richardson's seventieth birthday was celebrated by a concert in the Duke's Hall on 12th June. The programme was entirely devoted to his own compositions, performed by his wife Janet Craxton and the composer himself, together with various present and past students.

Leonard Brain, who was chosen by Sir Thomas Beecham to join the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra when it was founded in 1946, and has been a member ever since, retired recently because of ill-health. As a mark of affection and gratitude the RPO has made him an honorary member of the orchestra.

Maryse Chomé, who studied the cello at the Academy with the late Douglas Cameron and has been on the teaching staff at Trinity College of Music since 1965, was awarded the Hon FTCL in July for her contributions to cello teaching. Her work at Trinity has also encompassed examining, reviewing books, and lecturing on the principles of string teaching. Her fifteen-year-old elder

son, Douglas Wilson, was also a pupil of Douglas Cameron.

Colwyn Sillman, Artistic Director of the Lower Machen Summer Festival gave the first performance in Wales of Vivaldi's oratorio *Juditha Triumphans* on 1 July.

Simon Rattle recently won the major conducting award in a competition organised by the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra and backed by John Player.

Ian Hobson, who left Cambridge last year and went to the School for Advanced Musical Studies at Yale, won the Kosciusko Chopin Piano Competition in New York and the concerto competition at the Aspen Music Festival in Colorado.

Professorial Staff

Appointments

September 1974

Jean Anderson, ARAM (Piano)
 Susan Bixley (Timpani and Percussion)
 Christopher Elton, ARAM (Piano)
 Philip Jenkins, ARAM (Piano)
 Harold Nash, ARAM (Trombone)
 Christopher Taylor (Recorder)

Retirements

July 1974

May Blyth, FRAM (Singing)
 Mary Hamlin, ARAM (Singing)
 Roy Henderson, CBE, FRAM (Singing)
 Max Pirani, Hon RAM, Hon RCM (Piano)
 Patrick Savill, MA, Mus B (Cantab), Hon RAM, Hon ARCM (Harmony)

Resignation

July 1974

David Munrow, MA (Cantab), Hon ARAM (Mediaeval and Renaissance Music)

Kt

Lennox Berkeley, CBE, BA, Hon D Mus (Oxon), Hon RAM
 Dr Clement Chesterman, OBE, FRCP, Hon FRAM

CBE

Gerald Abraham, MA, Hon D Mus (Dunelm), Hon RAM
 Hon FTCL; Arthur Davison, Hon M Mus (Wales), FRAM

OBE

Hervey Alan, Hon RAM, Hon RCM
 Harold Gray, Hon ARAM, FBSM

Hon M Mus (Wales)

Arthur Davison, CBE, FRAM

Hon FTCL

Maryse Chomé

Dods: to Marcus and Deirdre Dods, a son, Alistair Marcus, 3 June 1974

Spence: to David and Denise Spence (née Burnup), a son, Matthew William, 22 July 1974

Honeyball—Tyrrell: David Honeyball to Barabra Tyrrell, 27 July 1974

Lewis—Wells: Anthony Lewis to Ann Wells, 24 August 1974

Douglas Cameron, OBE, FRAM, 20 August 1974

Jean Cameron Campbell, 20 June 1974

Distinctions

Births

Marriages

Deaths

17

Walter Emery, FRAM, 24 June 1974
Hattie Ganderton, 29 September 1974
Frank Howes, CBE, MA (Oxon), Hon RAM, FRCM, 28 September 1974
Harold Jaeger, ARAM, 23 June 1974
Lady Marchant, 3 June 1974
The Rt Hon Sir Benjamin Ormerod, PC, LLD, Hon FRAM, 21 September 1974
Reginald Paul, FRAM, 12 August 1974

New Publications

Harold R Clark: *Sketches for young pianists* (Associated Board)
Margaret Judd: *Queen Elizabeth's Dances* (piano) (Bosworth)
Audrey King: *Country Miniatures* (piano) (Bosworth)
Betty Roe: *Sonatina dolorosa* (guitar) (Thames); *Summer Suite* (guitar) (Thames)

University Awards

B Mus (Lond), June 1974
Second Class Honours
Anne Marsden-Thomas (I), Richard Steele (I), Anne Osborne (II)

RAM Awards

Recital Diploma, July 1974
Piano Daniel Weilbaecher, Betty Woo
Singing Judith Jeffrey
Violin Michael Bochmann, Gillian Findlay, Elizabeth Hunt
Viola James Walker
Cello Andrea Hess, Peter Hunt, Margaret Richards, François Rive, Catherine Wilmers
Oboe Christopher Hooker, Alison Stewart, Paul Taylor

Division V with Distinction, July 1974
Piano Nicola Hadley, Zoltan Jeney, Bjørg Julsrud, Stephen Salkeld, Moira Sands
Singing David Johnson, Maria Moll, Lorna Washington
Violin Alan Edwards, Rosemary Lock, Lennox Mackenzie, Jonathan Strange
Cello Joan Bosmans, Nicholas Gethin, Michál Kaznowski, Sara Williamson
Flute Ann Miller
Oboe Diethelm Jonas
Clarinet Geraldine Allen
Guitar Anthony Spicer
Conducting Simon Rattle

Division V with Merit, July 1974
Piano Eleanor Alberga, Soula Petridou, Shelagh Sutherland, Marilyn Turle
Organ Geoffrey Cowan, Ian Watson
Harpsichord Penelope Cave
Singing Christine Armstrong, Susan Barber, Vivienne Bellos, Peter Crowe, Judith Dennison, Margaret Feaviour, Kathryn Harries, Lynne Hirst, Rosalind Horsington, Ann James, Sara Mousley, Vaninne Parker, Penelope Price-Jones, Linda Rands
Viola Trevor Snoad
Cello James Rich, Jean Wilkens
Flute Ingrid Culliford
Oboe Christine Hopper
Clarinet Ian Holloway
Timpani and Percussion Nigel Shipway

GRSM Diploma, July 1974
Susan Aiers, Hazel Baker, Andrew Barratt*, Jacqueline Cross, Alan Danson, Mark Doust, Duncan Eves, Janet Gipps*, John Knight, Anne Lewis, Christopher Morgan*, Nigel Munisamy, Hilary Parker, Susan Pickles, Jane Solly, Richard Steele, Richard Woods, Stephen Weston.

*Highly Commended

GRSM Diploma, September 1974
Richard Arnold, Gwenneth Dainton, Hilary Davey, Martin Hall, William Richardson, Angela Williams.

LRAM Diploma, April/May 1974
Piano (Performer's) Marilyn Turle
Piano (Teacher's) Janet Ball, Marianne Barton, Stephen Browne, Frances Callum, Robert Carding, Martin Colbourne, Michael Gledhill, Martin Hall, Mary Herivel, Edwin Hooson, John Hudson, Caroline James, Alison Jenks, Igor Kennaway, Anne Lewis, Mary Methuen, Jill Oakley, Janis Oxendale, Laima Ozols, Helen Roberts, Ian Scott, Stephen Sild, Kyoko Sunaga, Kee-Boey Tan, Robyn Underwood-Whitney, Marilyn Wright
Singing (Teacher's) Jeanette Battye, Margaret Clubbe, Carolyn Cook, Rosalind Eaton, Cheryl Hawkins, Lina Keeble, Penelope Langrish, Susan Lawless, Rosalind Lippert, Sigrun Magnusson, Kathryn Marcer, Anne Mason, Claire Powell, Michael Procter, Mark Wildman
Organ (Teacher's) Martin Hall, Leonard Morris
Violin (Teacher's) Trevor Addison, Judith Aggett, Philip Gallaway, Alan Smale, Marshall Willox
Viola (Teacher's) Susan Malon, Mary Quilter
Cello (Teacher's) Christina Linnemann, John Senter, Philip Trzebiatowski
Flute (Performer's) Ingrid Culliford, Andrew Findon, Christopher Lacey, Susan Towner
Oboe (Performer's) Jonathan McPhee
Oboe (Teacher's) Hugh McKenna, Jane Mitchell
Trumpet (Performer's) Hugh Megarrell
Tuba (Performer's) Bramwell Tovey

LRAM Diploma, September 1974
Piano (Teacher's) John Blood, Christine Buchanan, Susan Coates, Carole Crawford, Christine Cummins, Elsie Lay Cheng Soh
Singing (Teacher's) Cynthia Ratcliff, Maureen Redmond, Susan Willett

Viola (Teacher's) Rona Smith
Oboe (Performer's) Paul Taylor
Oboe (Teacher's) Nancy Parker
Horn (Performer's) Barry King
Horn (Teacher's) Alan Danson, Barry King

RAM Club News

Guy Jonson

The Social Meeting on 8 March was a most happy occasion, attended by some 250 members and guests. Not only did we enjoy an evening of excellent music but it took the form of a celebration of the eightieth birthday of Vivian Langrish, a past President of the Club.

The programme was provided by the RAM Symphony Orchestra conducted by the Principal, who introduced the music with a delightful informality. The first item was a surprise one, being the

Greeting Prelude of Stravinsky. As the performing time of this exhilarating little work can be measured in seconds, it was given a repeat performance, thus setting the scene for further musical gaiety later in the evening. Sir Anthony then mentioned that Delius's *Walk to the Paradise Garden* was a particularly favourite piece of Vivian Langrish's, and this was played with a lovely feeling for tonal nuance. Vivian Langrish was then joined by his wife, Ruth Harte, in a both glittering and elegant performance of Mozart's two-piano Concerto in E flat.

The evening's music was brought to a close with Saint-Saëns's *Carnival of the Animals* in which the solo piano parts were played by Vivian Langrish and Egerton Tidmarsh (who, incidentally gave the first performance in this country of this work). The characterisation of the various episodes was beautifully drawn and on certain occasions caused much amusement!

Our warmest thanks are due to Sir Anthony, firstly for his kindness in enabling us to have the services of the Symphony Orchestra and secondly for his skill and experience in steering such a musical course through a labyrinth of difficulties not lessened by the minimum of rehearsal time. Thanks too, to the students who cooperated so readily—and, finally and not least to the splendid soloists; and our admiration especially to the ever-youthful star of the evening for giving us all such unstinted pleasure.

The Annual Dinner took place at the Royal Lancaster Hotel on 6 June. It was attended by 180 members and their guests. Sir Gilmour Jenkins, President of the Club, together with Lady Lewis, received the guests. The toast to the Academy and the RAM Club was proposed by Michael Kennedy and was responded to by the Chairman. The toast to the guests was proposed by John Davies, to which the Minister for the Arts, Mr Hugh Jenkins replied. The evening proved to be a most enjoyable one, and it was a pleasure to see and to welcome many new members, and to have the opportunity of meeting old friends.

Members will wish to join in expressions of deepest sympathy to Lilly Phillips and her family at the sudden passing of Douglas Cameron, who was President-Elect of the Club. Douglas Cameron had been a most loyal supporter of the Club for some fifty years. Quite apart from the incalculable loss to the world of music, his friendly presence will be sorely missed by all.

David Martin has kindly agreed to accept the Committee's nomination of President for 1974-5; and we look forward to a year of musical activities and social contact.

Vivian Langrish writes: 'On the occasion of my eightieth birthday on 8 March the Academy and the RAM Club honoured me in a manner which I shall never forget, and in a few brief remarks from the platform of the Duke's Hall I tried, though very inadequately, to express my appreciation and thanks; indeed, to paraphrase a famous saying, never has one person been so greatly honoured by so many, for the Duke's Hall was virtually packed, a most heart-warming sight. Therefore the purpose of this article is to try again to express my thanks to those who were closely connected with the event. First, of course, is Sir Anthony Lewis, who so readily and deeply involved himself (I may say behind my back!) with the whole scheme and who so kindly and sympathetically conducted the orchestra for my wife and me in the Mozart double Concerto and the Saint-Saëns *Carnaval des Animaux* with Egerton Tidmarsh; not to speak of the delightful surprise items at the begin-

ning of the programme. Please, Sir Anthony, accept my warmest thanks.

'Next I come to Guy Jonson, but how to find adequate words? He made many generous remarks about me in his speech after the concert and I was most touched by what he said, but I should like to remind him that he was one of the most distinguished students it has ever been my privilege to work with. Now, as we all know, he has reached a position of importance in the Academy which he fills with great distinction, and this is a source of real pride and pleasure to me. It is with deep gratitude and affection that I should like to offer him my sincere thanks for all the extra work which fell upon his shoulders, thus making my 'party' so enjoyable to both my wife and me.

'Now I come to Egerton Tidmarsh, known affectionately to us all as 'Bob'. It was a wonderful moment for me when he readily consented to join forces with me in the Saint-Saëns *Carnaval*. Since he moved away from London our erstwhile two-piano partnership has been difficult to maintain, and to hear again that superb playing even in such a comparatively light-weight work as the Saint-Saëns brought back many happy memories of his wonderful playing in works like the Mozart two-piano and the Bax sonatas and many other works; his slow movement of the Bax I shall never forget! Actually, we did the first performance in England of the Saint-Saëns almost exactly fifty years ago. Thank you Bob, for the joy of playing with you again.

'My thanks also to the orchestra, who contributed nobly to such a happy evening. Nor can I leave out the catering staff headed by Rose, who must have worked very hard indeed to provide refreshments for such a large gathering. My warm thanks to you all.'

Alterations and additions to List of Members

Town Members

Arnold, Richard, 26 Manor Way, London E4
Baker, Hazel, 185 Pitshanger Lane, London W5
Bean, Vivian, 17 Church Walk, Leatherhead, Surrey
Cave, Penelope, 6 Hedgeway, Onslow Village, Guildford, Surrey
Clarke, Keith, 10 The Orchard, London W4
Cole, Dr William, Packways, Highcombe Edge, Hindhead, Surrey
Crompton, Anthea, 8 Carlton Road, London W5
Davey, Hilary, 59 Upper Brockley Road, London SE4
Eaton, Mrs R J, 1 Primrose Cottages, Primrose Hill, Wrabness, Nr Manningtree, Essex
Edwards, Judith, 109 Bromley Common, Bromley, Kent
Lewin, Michael, 7 Howgate Road, London SW14
Long, Gillian, 18 Westpark Lane, West Worthing, Sussex
Markham, Richard, 55 Geraldine Road, London SW18
Munns, Robert, 18 Fairley Road, Lee Green, London SE12
Nash, Graham, 250 Westwood Lane, Welling, Kent
Osborne, Anne, 83 Dora Road, London SW19
Pike, Malcolm, 6 Gravel Road, Upper Hale, Farnham, Surrey
Samet, June, 48 Novello Street, London SW6
Soh, Elsie Lay Cheng, 165 Heythorpe Street, London SW18
Stevens, Catherine, The Forge, Great Maplestead, Halstead, Essex
Teo, Li Lin, 14 Corringham Road, Wembley, Middlesex
Wadkin, Frank, 52a Tetherdown, Muswell Hill, London N10

Country Members

Arnold, Mrs Elva (née Leyland), 17 Rugby Lane, Stretton-on-Dunsmore, Nr Rugby, Warwickshire

Barratt, Andrew, 74 Francis Gardens, Peterborough, Northamptonshire
 Batty, Hilary, 15 Mead Walk, Alnaby Park, Hull
 Cosby, Helen, 25 Ebrington Road, West Malvern, Worcestershire
 Docker, Mrs Mary (née Unsworth), Rosemary Cottage, Chapel Road, Old Newton, Stowmarket, Suffolk
 Giles, David, 42 Putnœ Lane, Bedford
 Glasier, Jemima, The Falconry Centre, Newent, Gloucestershire
 Grinke, Frederick, Frog's Hall, Braiseworth, Nr Eye, Suffolk
 Lambert, John, Flat 2, 70 Beckside Road, Lidget Green, Bradford 7
 Martin, Philip, 72 Alexandra Road, Hemel Hempstead, Hertfordshire
 Martin, Mrs Penelope (née Price-Jones), 72 Alexandra Road, Hemel Hempstead, Hertfordshire
 Morgan, Christopher, Perlee, Battleton, Dulverton, Somerset
 McGavin, Ian, 121 Green Park, Chatteris, Cambridgeshire
 McLeod, John, The Fairway, Merchiston Castle School, Edinburgh
 Parry, Mrs R D, 29 Wadham Road, Nottingham
 Peers, Nancy, 34a Bold Street, Liverpool
 Pickles, Susan, 2 Willow Terrace, Sowerby Bridge, Yorkshire
 Revell, Shelagh, 153 Shadbrooke Road, Lowestoft, Suffolk
 Russ, Michael, 34 Broadview, Stevenage, Hertfordshire
 Smith, Ronald, 35 Pembroke Road, Clifton, Bristol
 Wheldon, Mrs Wendy (née Willet), 22a Douglas Road, Harpenden Hertfordshire
 Woods, Richard, 8 The Bramblings, Rustington, Sussex

Overseas Members

Banton, David, 2 Cabot Crescent, Winnipeg 8, Manitoba, Canada
 Bosmans, Joan, 4810-48 Street, Camrose, Alberta, Canada
 Tengku, Sharifah Herawati, 44 Jalan Merak, Johore Bahru, Malaysia
 Weilbaecher, David Jnr, 841 St Louis, Lafayette, Louisiana 70501 USA

RAM Concerts (Spring and Summer Terms)

Symphony Orchestra

18 March

Dvořák Overture 'Carnival', Op 92

Mozart Piano Concerto in B flat, K 595

Strauss Ein Heldenleben, Op 40

Conductor Maurice Handford

Soloist Christian Blackshaw (piano)

Leader Jonathan Strange

23 July

Beethoven Overture 'Die Weihe des Hauses', Op 124

Berg Violin Concerto

Mahler Symphony No 1 in D

Conductor Maurice Handford

Soloist Jonathan Strange (Violin)

Leader Jonathan Strange

Choral Concerts

4 April

Monteverdi Vespers

Conductor Meredith Davies

Soloists Rosemary Ashe, Christine Armstrong (sopranos), Michael Procter (countertenor), Nicholas Johnson, Christopher Adams (tenors), Michael Shepherd, Mark Rowlinson (basses)

Leader Jonathan Strange



The Choral Concert in the Duke's Hall on 4th April
 (Meredith Davies conducting Monteverdi's Vespers)

5 June (Informal)

Brahms Ein deutsches Requiem, Op 45

Conductor Meredith Davies

Soloists Penelope Price-Jones (soprano), Terence Davies, David Johnson (baritones)

Leader Jonathan Strange

3 July (Informal)

Haydn The Seasons (I, II, III)

Conductor Meredith Davies

Soloists Vivienne Bellos, Beryl Korman (sopranos), Christopher Adams, Graham Preston (tenors), Paul Hui, Richard Coverley (basses)

Leader Jonathan Strange

Chamber Orchestra

22 February

Rossini Overture 'La scala di seta'

Haydn Cello Concerto in C

Stravinsky Danses Concertantes

Wolf Italian Serenade

Ravel 'Ma mère l'Oye'—Suite

Conductor Norman Del Mar

Soloist Michál Kaznowski

Leader Irvine Arditti

7 June

Bach Brandenburg Concerto No 1 in F, S 1046

Poulenc Concert Champêtre

Schönberg Begleitmusik zu einer Lichtspielszene, Op 34

Mozart Symphony No 39 in E flat, K 543

Gerhard Alegrias

Conductor Norman Del Mar

Soloist David Roblou (harpsichord)

Leader Irvine Arditti

Repertoire Orchestra

28 March

Wagner 'Tristan und Isolde'—Prelude and Liebestod

Mendelssohn Violin Concerto in E minor, Op 64

Vaughan Williams Symphony No 5 in D (III, IV)

Gabrieli Sonata Pian' e Forte

Mendelssohn 'A Midsummer Night's Dream', Op 61—Scherzo

Mozart Symphony No 41 in C, K 551 ('Jupiter')

Conductors Maurice Miles, and Members of the Advanced Conductors' Class: Thomas Hartman, Simon Rattle, Edward Whealing, Bramwell Tovey, Jonathan McPhee

Soloist Susan Lynn (violin)

Leader Annamaria McCool

19 July

Wagner Overture 'Der fliegende Holländer'

Butterworth 'A Shropshire Lad'

Stravinsky 'L'oiseau de feu'—Suite (1919)

Elgar Violin Concerto in B minor, Op 61

Wagner 'Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg'—Prelude to Act III

Dvořák Slavonic Dance in C, Op 46 No 1

Conductors Maurice Miles, and members of the Advanced Conductors' Class: Bramwell Tovey, Edward Whealing, Thomas Hartman, Simon Rattle

Soloist Lennox Mackenzie (violin)

Leader Annamaria McCool

Training Orchestra

3 April

Mendelssohn Overture 'The Hebrides', Op 26

Bach Concerto in D minor, S 1060

Brahms Variations on a theme by Haydn, Op 56a

Dvořák Symphnpy No 3 in E flat, Op 10

Conductors Maurice Miles, and members of the First-year Conductors' Class: Igor Kennaway, Philip Lee, Antoine Mitchell, Clive Harkcom

Soloists Alan Smale (violin), Jonathan McPhee (oboe)

Leader Caroline Abbott

24 July

Mendelssohn Overture 'Ruy Blas', Op 95

Berwald Symphonie Singulière (I)

Verdi 'Otello'—'The Willow Song'

Tchaikovsky Symphony No 6 in B minor, Op 74 (IV)

Dvořák Symphony No 8 in G, Op 88 (I)

Conductors Maurice Miles, and members of the First-year Conductors' Class: Antoine Mitchell, Clive Harkcom, Philip Lee, Igor Kennaway

Soloist Maria Moll (soprano)

Leader Caroline Abbott

Westmorland Concerts, in the Purcell Room, were given on 3 April by Janice Knight (oboe), Andrew Stowell (bassoon) and Kathleen Kennedy (piano and harpsichord); on 24 April by Robin Stowell (violin) and Philip Martin (piano); on 15 May by Philip Mead (piano), Janet Watts (soprano) and John Blakely (piano); on 22 May by George Caird (oboe) and John Blakely (piano); on 5 June by the English Saxophone Consort (Richard Addison, David White, Stan Sulzman and Anton Weinberg) and Clifford Evans (piano); and on 19 June by the Burnell Piano Trio (Graeme Humphrey (piano), Elizabeth Edwards (violin) and Lynden Cranham (cello)).

Evening recitals were given by Alan Brown (piano) on 7 February, Richard Markham (piano) on 14 February, David Rendall (tenor) on 21 February, Alan Warhurst (bassoon) on 28 February, Paul Roberts (piano) on 7 March, William Waters (guitar) on 21 March, Teo Li Lin (piano) on 14 May, Mirion Glas (viola) on 16 May, Bridget Alexander (oboe) on 21 May, Jennifer Thorn (violin) on 23 May, Raphael Wallfisch (cello) on 13 June, and Kenneth Park (baritone) on 25 June.

An 'Opera Workshop' was staged in the Duke's Hall on 4 and 5 June; Director of Opera John Streets, Conductors Simon Rattle and Antoine Mitchell, Producer Anna Sweeny, with Mary Nash and Christopher Wood at two pianos and (in the Britten excerpt) an instrumental ensemble led by Paul Robertson. Items included: **Mozart** 'Die Zauberflöte'

Lorna Washington, Linda Rands, Lorraine Kinch, Susan Barber

Tchaikovsky 'Eugene Onegin'

Vivienne Bellos, Elizabeth Denham, Anne Mason, Nicola Lanzetter, Christopher Adams, Constantine Paliatsaras, Nicholas Johnson

Humperdinck 'Hänsel und Gretel'

Luce Garreau, Elaine Williams, Judy Dennison, Nicholas Folwell

Britten 'Albert Herring'

Rosalind Horsington, Penelope Langrish, Sara Mousley, Richard Coverley, Peter Crowe, Mark Wildman, Stefan Sanchez, Philip Watkins, Vaninne Parker, Judy Dennison, Glynis Marwood, Jane Harman, Jane Butler

Review Week

Review Week in the Spring Term (25–29 March) included concerts by the Repertoire Orchestra (Maurice Miles) and the Manson Ensemble. There was a 'Demonstration of Improvisation and Mime' by the Webber-Douglas School of Dramatic Art, and lectures on 'Food and Drink' (Patric Dickinson), 'Ornamentation and Decoration in Handel's operas and oratorios' (The Principal), 'The Ravenous Eye' (Milton Schulman), 'Music and Imagination' (John Hosier), and 'The music profession in America' (David Sprung).

Kevin Allen, Mary-Jane Allen, Kristine Anderson, Janet Appel, Paul Archibald, Graham Ashton, John Askew.

Ann-Marie Baksh, Ruth Ballard, Timothy Barratt, Jacqueline Bater, Judith Baum, Edward Beer, Christine Bell, Sally Bell, Marie Bellizzi, Philip Bentley, Hubert Best, Anup Biswas, Michael Blake, Paula Bott, David Boyd, Lawrence Bradley, Carol Brown, Lorna Buchanan, Janet Burrell, Rita Burt, Rosalind Burton.

Anthony Cain, Fiona Cameron, Catherine Campbell,

Lorna Campbell, Neil Carlson, Judith Casselden, Susan Castle, Julian Chapman, Maria Chciuk Celt, Chin Nget Sim, Don Churchill, Sheryl Clarke, Stephen Collins, Sebastian Comberti, Felicity Cook, Christopher Cox, Paul Crew, Nigel Crouch, Robert Crowley, Helen Crowston, Lesley Cruickshank.

Hywel Davies, Ljiljana Dimitrijevic, Eric Dunlea, Deborah Dunne, Karen Dyke.

Philip Eastop, Susan Eastop, Richard Eldridge, Paul Ellison, Jacqueline Elvy, Alan Etherden.

Anne Fellowes, Rosemary Flanagan, Anne Fleetcroft, Robin Cox, Jane Freeman, Mark Frith, Richard Fullbrook.

Angela Gabe, Judith Gallacher, Melanie Goddard, David Goldesgeyme, Anthony Gomesz, Karen Gooding, Adrian Goss, Kevin Goss, Michael Goss, Timothy Grant, Eirlys Gravelle.

John Hackett, George Hajivassiliou, James Handy, Sheila Hanscom, Caroline Harris, Joanna Harris, Patricia Harrison, Roger Harrison, Stephen Harrison, Graham Hastings, Charles Henwood, Jane Highfield, Barbara Hiller, Angela Hobbs, Margaret Hooson, John Hormbrey, Caroline Howe, Gareth Hulse, Stuart Hutchinson.

Michael Jackson, Martin Jakubas, Peter Jones.

Martin Kelly, Christine Khoo, Melanie Kidd, Antony Kyriacou.

Andrew Laing, Timothy Lane, Sophia Langdon, David Lawrence, Anthony Lee, Frances Lisle.

Jane Maloney, Jacqueline Marsh, Caroline Martin, Gerard McDonald, Ruth McDowall, Michael McElhinney, Lyn McLaren, Herbert Merandon du Plessis, Janet Masters, Christine Miller, Clare Moll, Gareth Mollison, Peter Morris, Philip Morgan, Jane Morrison.

Paula Nash, Matthew Neal, Carol Norman.

Jeffrey Oakes, Irene Owen.

Josef Pacewicz, Jane Palmer, Paula Parker, Nigel Partridge-King, Justin Pearson, Ceinwen Penny, Alison Pocock, Clare Price-Smith, Elisabeth Priday, Ann Priestley, Joan Pulling, Rosalind Pulman.

Clare Redfarn, Diane Rees, Anthony Robson, Catherin Roe, Joanna Rose-Innes, William Rumsey.

Ramon Salvatore, Graham Sanders, Rosemary Sanderson, Kim Sargeant, Susan Sathaye, Claire Saunders, Lesley Schatzberger, Philip Scott, Julia Sellers, Iona Sherwood-Jones, David Shillaw, Peter Sidwell, Philip Smith, Jane Snook, Stephanie Sobey Jones, Michael Stanley, Roger Steptoe, Richard Suart, Christopher Swann.

Catherine Tower, Martin Turnlund.

Jill Unsworth.

Paul Vallis, Philip Venters, Susan Vondy, Sonja Vorreyer

Carole Waite, Diana Wanklyn, Amanda Warren, Jill Washington,

Janet Waterhouse, Penelope Wayne, Timothy Welch, Sioned Williams, Norman Wright, Delyth Wynne.

Catriona Young.

Christine Zuch.

The Students' Union

Editorial

Oliver Williams

It is probably true that very few people travelling through Marylebone Road in the past year have been aware of the changes made to the Academy. The beautiful façade, unaltered in any way during the year, has betrayed few signs of building activity within. Nothing has seemed to change. Yet, behind this façade, the Academy has been the scene of continuous reconstruction: cranes, drills and pickaxes have become a familiar sight to all Academy students, and much music has been made against an *obbligato* of drilling and hammering.

The changes have been vast. Gone are the old Theatre and bandroom. Gone are the passageway and those musty offices to the left of the foyer. These offices have now been replaced by a new, modernised administrative department. The rubble-strewn void left by the demolition of the Theatre and bandroom is being filled by new practice rooms.

The most important achievement so far, from the student's point of view, has been the building of a Common Room/Bar in the basement. Spacious and furnished with extremely comfortable armchairs, it promises to be the ideal meeting-place for students. Conveniently attached to the Common Room is the new Union office.

The outcome of this large-scale rebuilding scheme will be that the ever-increasing numbers of students have more room to move around freely in the Academy, and more chance to practise. It will have been well worth the money.

This section of the *Magazine* will include an account of how the rebuilding scheme affected Student Union affairs when the old office was demolished and a new one was installed. It will also consist of articles relating directly or indirectly to Academy life. The inclusion in the *Magazine* of a section written entirely by students has aroused good response from students. The *RAM Magazine* continues to welcome future contributions.

Don't look back (too far)

Terry Davies

If you take that advice given to the ex-students of *Salad Days*, hopefully you'll find that, contrary to widespread opinion, a Student Union doesn't exist because no-one can imagine an educational establishment without one, but because it does have a very positive and necessary contribution to make.

In the past, what is now known as RAMSU explored the whole range of available rôles, from self-seeking sycophancy to misplaced political militancy, rarely with any tangible benefit to more than a handful of people. The seeds of a more constructive, outgoing policy were sown a couple of years ago, with properly democratic constitution and the highly-successful RAMSU Drama experiment of three shows in repertory. With a symbolism beloved of tabular journalists, the Union has now been given its chance for a new start by the move from the old, tiny, damp, airless room at the base of the main staircase into the plusher, warmer (but still temporarily airless) office next to what is properly called the new RAMSU Clubroom. Unhappily, full utilisation of

the Clubroom itself was delayed some thirteen months from the date originally proposed, but at least the prospect of better facilities to come has enabled the Union Executive to think more positively in formulating a more widely beneficial policy.

The progress achieved during the 1973-4 session mustn't be complacently over-estimated; as in the performing arts, we should never be satisfied with results, and must always be aware of the room for improvement. The session's work, as far as the Executive and SRC were concerned, was a constant struggle to be recognisably constructive amidst the rubble of resignations, poor attendances at meetings, and the building redevelopment. We must be thankful that in Marina Othman, the non-student secretary, the Union has found a long-suffering and amiable information centre-cum-organiser who is also (some need to be reminded) exhaustible and human; she deserves much of the credit for keeping the Union together during a year of considerable fluctuations.

Unquestionably the biggest obstacle, however, was the general apathy of the students themselves. It's exactly those who don't bother with Union activities because, they say, the Union never does anything for them, who are the kill-joys condemning the Union to a rôle of inefficacy. After all, just as a church is properly thought of not as a building but as the people who are its members, so is the Union not the organisation but the whole student body; and it can't possibly be constructive unless students use the organisation constructively.

This, and this alone, is precisely why the achievements of the 1973-4 session seem so few when written down: yet in comparison with previous years, they are by no means inconsiderable. Into all went an amount of painstaking preparation which, even though occasionally inexperienced, was totally enthusiastic, and would be undertaken by few other students. Dances are being held, films shown, sports activities organised, with increasing regularity, but each depends ultimately for its success on student support. The first ever RAMSU end-of-session ball, held at the Royal Garden Hotel in Kensington, was a most enjoyable occasion for those who were sufficiently unapathetic, sociable, and unprejudiced to bother to attend a Union function; *Salad Days*, the second major production by RAMSU Drama, was an unqualified success in providing enjoyment for, and promoting friendships amongst, those who felt sufficiently broad-minded artistically to take an interest in something other than scales and Scarlatti, harmony and Haydn, even if the standard of performance did seem in places to be more dependent upon exuberance than on rehearsing. Of these tangibles, however, probably the most significant was the acquisition of a fully-licensed bar for the Clubroom, finally opened in the new session after months of negotiation and occasional setbacks; it is hoped that the new room, so obviously more comfortable and amenable a set of surroundings than the old Common Room, will in itself be a good builder of the sort of sociable atmosphere which is taken for granted in most universities and colleges, but which has been noticeably lacking in the Academy.

Of course, the promotion of this type of activity is only part of the work of the Union organisation. Equally important is its function to provide a service to students individually on matters of welfare, education, travel, and so forth, often through the now well-established Liaison Committee. It would be impracticable to try to list the progress achieved *via liaison* during the last session,

because so often the improvements are in aspects which are only noticeable when working badly, like the good supporting actor; suffice it to say that nothing is too small a matter to be considered, and often agreement can be reached on solutions in minutes. Naturally, liaison between the Union and the RAM administration is not always totally amenable—nor, indeed, should it be if anything is to be achieved—but remember that what really matters is its effectiveness, which, again, is dependent upon your using and supporting the Union Executive to the full.

The most noteworthy addition to Union services during last session was the generous offer by ex-student Tony Shepping to supply RAM students with music at a discount from his shop, *via* the Union, with prompt delivery thrown in. This service has already been used extensively: why not use all the others too? With the large funds now at its disposal since the 1973 fee increase, RAMSU has a potential which awaits only to be taken up by you. So take that advice, 'Don't look back!': don't judge the Union on its past inadequacies, but meet it positively without prejudice and with the enthusiasm to help it achieve what you want it to.

The Students' Representative Committee and its rôle

Oliver Williams

During my first two or three weeks at the Academy, I deeply mistrusted anyone connected with Students' Union politics. I had a vague picture of the SRC as a self-perpetuating clique of angry young men and women striving to overthrow the capitalist way of life.

It did not take me long to see what a false picture this was—I soon found out that, far from being violent Leftists clamouring for the blood of the bourgeoisie, the SRC were in fact perfectly nice, reasonable people whose aim was simply to help look after student affairs in the Academy. I also found out that the SRC was by no means a clique, a closed circle, but that anyone could join it. One just had to volunteer for a specific job and be formally 'voted in'.

The SRC consists, as one would expect, of representatives for the various walks of Academy life. To give some examples, there is a representative for the choir, another for the Drama Club, and another for GRSM students. Every three weeks or so, these representatives get together to discuss the problems in their various departments and make new policies. Meetings are conducted in the most fair and open manner.

Heading the SRC, and officially a part of it, is the Executive Committee. This is a body of six people, each of whom has an extremely grandiose title. These titles (and the names of the present holders) are as follows:

President: Walter Adams

Treasurer: Graham Jones

Vice-President (Services): Jonathan Platt

Vice-President (Education and Welfare): Lucy Barker

Vice-President (Entertainments): Susan Willet

Vice-President (Publicity and Publications): Oliver Williams

Senior Vice-President: Lucy Barker

The Executive Committee has the special rôle of running the Union's day-to-day business. Using the union office as HQ, each committee member makes himself available every day to discuss problems with students—problems which usually have something to do with Academy life. The principal job of each committee

member is to run his own department, and probably the most important of these departments is the Treasury. The Students' Union controls a very large amount of money, and the Treasurer has to determine how to spend it. The money can be used for a great variety of things—the Drama Club, students' dances, ping-pong bats and so on.

The Committee holds regular meetings with the Academy's administrators; for one of its chief rôles is to act as a 'bridge' between students and staff.

We on the SRC are friendly people—we aim to please and help students, not to rouse them to revolt against the authorities. Above all, we are musicians, not politicians.

Composition is really manual work with an aesthetic ending. If only the layman's idea that the act of composition is one hundred per cent inspiration were really true! In many ways composition is the hardest branch of music; when, for instance, you have done so many hours' practice on the piano, you are at liberty to stop and it is no hardship to pick up from where you left off the next day. With composition, however, one can only stop when one's ideas run out.

On the other hand, there is always the danger that you may lose your creative impetus entirely and become utterly frustrated. I have known quite a few composers who have got so far with a work and then are blank as to what to do next. This may have been the case with the Mozart C minor Mass. There are two choices in this situation: either you give up completely or you use your technical skill to get round it. Schumann's usual solution was to write a canon, and Glazunov's to write unending sequences.

Even assuming one has got the required inspiration, there is always the danger of being over-expansive. Many people find the late German romantics rather discursive. It seems a miracle to me that these gigantic epics ever got written; I wonder if Mahler ever copied out the parts for his symphonies. The work involved in writing out a full score is endless. Most students have to copy their own scores and parts, since the cost of a professional copyist is prohibitive. This is a great pity, for often very promising works are ruined by a tired composer who just cannot be bothered to finish a full score. This boredom is quite often the cause of failure in a student's work—for instance, when the student, in his haste to finish a composition, is content to use stock orchestration, his work seems dull and uninteresting. One composer I knew was so bored by the end of a movement that he could not even be bothered to look back and see how he scored the opening of his work! So the layman, or even the non-composing musician, might well ask, why write for full orchestra? This can be easily answered: when one has had a successful orchestral work performed one immediately has to try something bigger. This is the danger! My own method of maintaining interest is to write the opening and finale first; the middle will normally take care of itself, though one may need to do a little rearranging at the end.

So much for the hard work. But the question of inspiration arises again. One cannot hope to be inspired if one sits in a room all day waiting for inspiration to arrive. One need only look at the masterworks of our century to see that they have all been directly inspired by some event.

Immediately, Michael Tippet's *A Child of our Time* springs to

mind. This work was written as a reaction to the war (Tippet, in fact, did spend a short time in prison for being a conscientious objector). Another form of inspiration is reaction to other trends. Walton's successful *Façade* is not so unlike the French music of his time; unfortunately, Walton later romanticised the witty and original chamber scoring and transcribed several of the numbers for full symphony orchestra. The most unrewarding form of inspiration is that of trying to be re-inspired by an earlier work of one's own. The French painter Chirico had tried this method by making copies of his early paintings, and failed rather badly; one good thing came of this attempt, however—it showed Satie that he would never be able to recreate *Parade* again.

Often, after a work has been performed successfully, the composer finds his music is misunderstood completely. Walton's *Façade* is a good example here; *Façade* is not a burlesque on decadent ideas of the day, but it is a façade that conceals the inner self; anyone who knows the Sitwell poems could see that (there are thirty-two of them, and they are very moving). People don't realise that the Polka, superficially one of the lightest pieces, is in a way a tragedy, because it represents the pathetic attempt of the ageing to relive their faded youth. Most composers have been misunderstood. Mahler was in particular, and for years his scores lay untouched.

Such a failure should not dampen one's enthusiasm. Failure never discouraged Richard Strauss, in fact, it made him more ambitious. He took up flying and it was then that his music rose to its greatest heights!

The *RAM Magazine* is published twice a year (usually in July and December) and is sent free to all members on the roll of the RAM Club and of the Students' Union. Copies may also be bought by non-members, price 50p per issue. Members are invited to send to the Editor news of their activities that may be of interest to readers, and the Editor is always glad to hear from members (and others) who would like to contribute longer articles, either on musical or on other topics. Copy for the Summer issue should arrive by 1 April, and for the Winter issue by 1 September and, wherever possible, should be typed (double-spaced, one side of the page only), please. All correspondence should be addressed to: The Editor, RAM Magazine, Royal Academy of Music, Marylebone Road, London NW1 5HT.

